

The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Columbus, Miss., on the 1st of APRIL, 1852.

Allen W J	Jackson Miss E
Allen W	K
Allen W W	Kennon W H
Abbie Lee	Kewen A L
B	Kingman N
Baker John	King W H
Barnum W D	King L G
Barn G	L
Brown Mrs H E	Lewis J C
Brown Mrs S	Long W C
Barrow S H	LeDuc Jas
Boswell G	Lawrence Miss K
Banks C	Lotadi Wm
Bay Wm	Lawrence Miss E
Baxley W M	Lewis J C
Bissell J L	Lawrence Jas
Wicks Dr V J	Lyons Mrs M
Barnes Col D C	Lykes J E care of Mrs
Barnes Thos	E Carter
Brewster H A	Lines Geo
Brooks Allen	Lawrence W N
Barnard J S	Love J E
Baber Mrs J	M
Brooks T B	Miliken W
Bean M E	McGowan F M
Boling L S	McCrory J W
Back G	Morris Mrs M F
C	Moore J G
Coyte M D	McMurray W H
Campbell Miss R	Molten J T
Crum G W	Myatt Capt Wm
Crain F M	Martin Josiah
Cummins Wm	Murray Mrs A
Clayton J T	McGee M
Cook Prairie W H	Moore Mrs E
Collins Mr B	McGowan F A
Carpenter Mrs J L	Mullins Mrs P
Cooper M	McGowan F M
Collins J H	Mullen Miss M
Crawford & Richardson	Muldrow S C
Crum Mrs S J	Mayfield G
Clanton Cleopatra	Moody G
Collins C	Mustain C T
Cox W S	N
D	Nash Jesse
Davis Sam	Norman H
Davis J W	Nash W M
Davenport A M	Norwood Mrs R
Dupree A	Nelson P
Daniel J H	Norwood D
Davis J	Norwood A M
Dupree O M	Norman W H
Dupree E and Daniel	O
E	Orcutt L A
Edis Miss M	P
Ellis Jos	Ponder E
Eubanks W	Perkins J M
Earle B W	Pool P
Edwards Sam'l	Perry C
Ewing B W	Pool Miss M
Edmonson Miss R P	R
Edmonson W A	Randolph Dr J M
Edmonson W	Reeder S
Ervin E A	Robinson J
Ervin John	Reed H
Ervin E A	Richardson J C
F	Russell J B
Fielding J W	Rogers Wm
Ficklin B	S
Field Julia S	Smith & Gregory Drs
Fields O	Sykes J P C
Fields Rev S D	Seay N B
Freeman R P	Smith Jesse
Fisher Wm	Smith Geo
Ford Wm M	Sullivan N H
Funkin S F F	Skinner F
Flynt S	Short M
Fleming Mrs M	Saunders Jas
Fields B F	Sampson Miss S C
Flood Asa	Sumner R
G	Sanderson L B
Gilmer T G	Smith Hiram
Gage S	Sunson Robt
Green Wm L	Shepherd F M
Gilmer Dan'l	Sampson S
Grant Gen John	Shanks G P
Griffin John	Sharp J A
Garnier Sam	Smith Dr J M D
Gibson G W	Seals B
Gunter Capt W J	T
Grant Mrs Betty R	Thornley T B
H	Toland Jos
Henry Jas	Tomer W F
Harley T W	Toland J F W
Harrington W O	Thomas Josiah
Hunter Miss J	Tunell J S
Hendley Jesse	Tunell J T
Holland W M	Tunell P
Hichman L	Tunelle D W
Henry R J	Tribble J R
Homes T H	W
Harris E	West J W
Harris N T	Warner J
Hood Mrs S	Warren Mrs S
Hatch Dr J R	Whitlock P H
Hill Dr G	Watson J
Honeycutt Mrs M A	Williams J
Honworth Mrs A	Woodruff W
Henderson Mrs M J	Witherspoon A E
Hinton Mrs E S	Webb S A
Harrison John	Y
Holloway W	Young Mr B D

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.

50 TRUNKS of all sizes for sale at
Feb. 7, 1852.—32c. KEELER'S.

POETRY.

ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind,
'Tis an old one—a kind one, and true as 'his kind';
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart, if remembered at home:
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!
Say to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold
That "one story's good till another is told."

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along,
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And any mean billow can batter his deck,
But give me the heart that sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate, whatever wind blows;
And says—when aspersions, unanswer'd, grow cold,
Wait—"one story's good till another is told."

THE WRETCH.

BY HESTER KARE.

"Why, Harry! what's the matter?
You're sad and still again;
What makes you turn away, dear,
From me, your little Jane?"
"I hope you don't regret, love,
The times when you were free
To puff those vile cigars, love,
Which you've resigned for me?"
"And I hope you've quite forgot, dear,
That meerschaum, brown and white,
Which I couldn't help detesting,
Although 'twas your delight."
"Then, Harry, let's sit closer—
Don't turn your head aside!
You surely can't be tired, love,
Of me, your little bride!"
"One kiss—indeed you must. Hail!
Come, come, you're quite adorable!
Why, Harry—you've been 'making'
You wretch! you've broke your word!"

LINES TO KATE.

Who sang those songs through summer hours,
Taught her by Nature 'mid the flowers,
Or 'neath the vine's o'er reaching bowers?
Katy did.
Who made the serene so dear to me?
Who gave new life to every tree?
Who spoke so gently, frank and free?
Katy did.
Who made the hours pass swift at night,
Turned solitude into delight,
And made the stars seem still more bright?
Katy did.
Then, dearest fairy! let me say,
Ere next returns your natal day,
Who vowed to "love and to obey?"
Katy did.

FACETIE.

STOLEN FROM ALL SOURCES.

Pursuing Knowledge under Difficulties.—
"Studying Euclid by the light of a sear, while a
low-necked frock has got her arm around your waist."

Delicious.—To have a pretty girl open the
front door, and mistake you for her cousin,
When a Dutch servant-maid wishes to go to
a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires
a cavalier for the occasion: a beau with an umbrella
receives double pay.

Undeniable Authenticity.—"Why, Mr. So-and-so,
and so told me, who heard from Mr. Such-a-one,
who had it from Mr. What's-his-name, who
said it came from Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, who
repeated it after Mr. Thingum-bob, who saw it
in Mr. I-don't-know-who's letter."

"Are you anything of a sportsman?" said a
loungeur in a store to a sharp youth behind the
counter. "Not exactly, but I've often run for
the Ledger when a customer came in."

To a Toper in Love.
"Tween women and wine, sir,
Man's lot is to smart;
For wine makes his head ache,
And women his heart."

A man boasted that he once had a brother
who was a revolutionary hero. It came out that
the person spoken of was long on the treadmill.
The matrimonial knot, once tied, never can
be untied; and the worst is that, unlike the Gordian
knot, you cannot even "cut it." Can this
apply to the Forrest divorce case?

An Irritable Man.—Tom Hood gives this
graphic picture of an irritable man:—"Here lies
a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting
himself with his prickles."

An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent
servant, who was addicted to lying in bed
rather long in the morning:—"Fall to rising,
you spalpeen, fall to rising! don't stand there
lying in bed all day!"

An Irish piper who now and then indulged in
a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman,
with, "Pat, what makes your face so red?"
"Plaze yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush
when I spake to a gentleman!"

"Arrah, Teddy, an' wasn't yer name Teddy
O'Byrne before you left old Ireland?" "Sure
it was, me darlin'." "But me jewel, why do
you add the 's', and call it Teddy O'Byrne now?"
"Why, ye spalpeen, havn't I been married since
I kem to Ameriky? an' are you so ignorant of
grammatices that you don't know when one thing
is added to another it becomes a plural?"

DREADFUL EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.

We are called on to record a most terrible catastrophe—the explosion of the steamer *Glencoe*, and the destruction of a large number of human beings—it cannot be ascertained how many. The history of this dreadful event, as well as we could ascertain it during the prevailing intense excitement, is about as follows:

The steamer *Glencoe* had just arrived from New Orleans, heavily laden, and was endeavoring to effect a landing between Pine and Chestnut streets.

The steamer *Aleck Scott*, Georgia, *Catact* and *Western World* were lying, one beside the other, at that point, and the *Glencoe* was attempting an entrance between the *Catact* and Georgia. She lay with her bows a little above the stern of the Georgia, when two or more of her boilers exploded, spreading death and destruction in every direction about her.

From a young gentleman who, during the upward trip of the *Glencoe*, acted as her assistant clerk, we learn that she carried eighty deck passengers, more or less, and from twenty to twenty-five cabin passengers. The boat had touched at several adjacent steamers a sufficiently long time to allow a very many persons from shore to board her, swelling her number considerably.

The explosion was, as we have intimated, a tremendous one. The entire upper works of the *Glencoe*, forward of the pilot house—unfortunately the part where the majority of the passengers had gathered to witness the landing—were torn away. Chimneys, boilers, timbers and freight were scattered about with many human beings in every direction.

The work of destruction was not confined to the *Glencoe*. The after upper works of the *Catact*, which lay close by, taking in the whole of the ladies' cabin, was destroyed. Other boats near by were visited, but to a less extent, by the calamity.

Shortly after the explosion, the boat was discovered to be on fire, and simultaneously with the discovery, commenced floating down. The full extent of the rain presented itself as she passed down.

The cabin forward of the wheel house was gone. A portion of it had been thrown on the freight piled at the fore-cabin, this mass rising as high as the after hurricane deck. The flames were burning fiercely about where the boilers had been, and spreading rapidly to all sides. From the shore, many human beings, men and women, could be descried hurrying from one side to the other, desperately seeking some place of escape.

One or two poor fellows who had been sealed and afterwards caught in the falling timbers, were seen motioning and heard crying loudly for assistance, as the flames reached and enveloped them. The scene was a most horrible one. As the boat continued to glide down, her yawls became filled with her surviving passengers. The yaws of some other boats also were pushed out and succeeded in saving others. We can make no correct estimate of the number of persons lost by scalding and drowning. It is supposed that from sixty to seventy were saved.

Allowing this estimate to be correct, from thirty to forty, or even more, lives have been lost.

We give such names of persons lost as we could learn amid the existing excitement: John Denny, clerk of steamer *Glencoe*, killed. His body found on the hurricane deck of steamer *Western World*, horribly disfigured.

George Buchanan, engineer of the *Glencoe*, reported killed. We heard the report subsequently contradicted.

A son of Capt. Lee, of the *Glencoe*, killed. Miss Kent, on the steamer *Catact*, killed. James Little, pastry cook of the *Catact*, killed.

McLane, bar-keeper of the *Glencoe*, blown ashore, and dangerously wounded.

Daniel Hinman, from Warwick county, Indiana, arm broken and badly scalded.

Francis affratti, a hotel runner, slightly injured.

George Washington Ralfe, hotel runner, dangerously wounded in side—right foot nearly severed from body—not expected to survive.

Michael Dunn, arm broken and scalded.

George Reeder and James Wiles, hotel-runners, missing—supposed to have been lost.

Mr. Stoddard, from Ohio, blown overboard—slightly bruised—saved.

Captain Lee, wife, and one child, saved. They had gone ashore before the occurrence of the accident.

The names above were all that we could gather from sources to be at all depended on. Some twelve or fifteen bodies were counted on boats and on shore; a very few of which could be identified.

The scenes witnessed immediately after the occurrence of the catastrophe are of the most heart-rending description. We noticed several men, their faces blackened, their clothes wet and soiled with ashes, hurrying along the levee and crying for relief. One body on the *Catact*, had the head blown entirely off. We saw, also, the legs of a boy or girl, the body having lodged in some other direction. A number of physicians were in attendance, and rendered every service which lay in their power.

The body of a lady, so horribly mangled that it scarcely held together, was taken from the ruins of the *Catact*'s ladies' cabin. She was not, of course, identified. It was thought that she had been blown from the ill-fated *Glencoe*.

A little girl, aged about three, was also picked up on the *Catact*, and was for a while believed that she could be saved. But a closer examination by the physicians revealed one or two fatal wounds, which induced the opinion that she would not survive until morning.

The burning *Glencoe* lodged at first about the foot of Spruce street, where some of the survivors who had not escaped by the yaws succeeded in gaining the wood boats and thence reaching the shore. Afterward, she swung around and floated until within a few blocks of the gas works, where she permanently lodged and burned to the water's edge. The fire was communicated to the wood-boats she had passed, several of which, that were fully freighted, were destroyed.

Five other empty wood-boats were also consumed. The flames spread next to the corded

wood on shore. It is estimated that from 250 to 300 cords of this wood were consumed. Fortunately the fire did not spread to the buildings on the levee.

In our statement of the injuries to the steamers lying near the *Glencoe*, when she exploded, we failed to give all the particulars. One of her chimneys, we are informed, struck the after cabin of the steamer Georgia, demolishing it completely. The starboard forward guard of the *Catact* was greatly damaged.

Some slabs from the table of the *Glencoe*, fell on the hurricane roof of the *Aleck Scott*, penetrating it in several places. One of the escape pipes entered the Texas of the *Western World*, demolishing several state rooms. Flattened sheets of the *Glencoe*'s boiler lodged on the adjacent steamers. One of her flies was driven in the ladies' cabin of the *Catact*. Timbers were strewn on shore, and bricks from the works about the boilers, cast a considerable distance. The report of the explosion was heard far in the westward extremity of the city, and the concussion felt as high up as Third street.

The *Dead*.—We went into the Health Officer's room last evening, where a portion of the load of the ill-fated *Glencoe* was collected, and examined particularly the bodies; those who have never had the painful task of witnessing death in this form, can but faintly imagine the ghastly and horrible appearance which a steam explosion produces. In addition to wounds and bruises, and the attendant violent disfigurements, there is a pale and peculiar effect upon the body, the result of scalding water and steam, which almost obliterate the natural features, and renders it exceedingly difficult to recognize even an intimate acquaintance. The bodies with two exceptions, were horribly mutilated. The limbs seemed all to be broken—literally crushed—and in several instances many of them were separated from the trunks.

But one female was in the group. Her face and bust were apparently but slightly injured, and we judge her to be about twenty or twenty-five years of age. She bore the appearance of respectability, and was more than likely an emigrant. Two boys were among the number, one, the captain's son, (at last recognized to be such by his clothing, for the body was in pieces) aged two years, and the other, an emigrant's child, we could suppose, a few years older. The latter was not badly disfigured, and while we were present, we noticed a gentleman endeavoring to ascertain if he had not yet some life in him. Mr. John Denny, the clerk of the boat, was among the number. The rest judging from their clothes, were deckhands, firemen, or may be passengers.

The majority of these persons must have occupied exposed situations. With two or three exceptions, the bodies seemed to be literally crushed, and in two instances they were torn apart into fragments, portions of them not yet having been obtained. The group formed a horrible spectacle. Hushed in the silence of death, they lay mutilated and propped, while the living were examining them, with the help of candles, to recognize, if possible, some lineament of countenance, some peculiarity of ornament or dress. With the exception of Capt. Lee's little son, and Mr. Denny, the clerk, no recognition was made of the bodies.

The catastrophe is one of those which, from their disastrous and general effects, blot out all means of ascertaining the number and the names of the sufferers. The book containing the passenger list is gone, with every thing else in the clerk's office, except the freight record—the clerks themselves are dead—the comparatively few bodies recovered are unrecognizable, and it seems impossible that even the loss of life will be correctly ascertained.

The Wounded on the *Glencoe*.—We visited last night, at eleven o'clock, the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in company with Dr. McPherson, and by the ladies shown all the wounded persons. So far as we could, we obtained the names of all those yet living. They are as follows:

Wm. Callahan, a fireman, from Ireland. He is not dangerously wounded.

Jesse H. Harrington, from Cooke county, Ill., formerly of Ohio. He had a fracture of the right thigh and wrist, with injuries on the face. Samuel Stoy, a man who went on board after the boat arrived. Probably mortally wounded.

Daniel B. Henman, from Warwick, Gibson county, Illinois. His arm is broken, and he is badly scalded.

Louis McLean, of Ohio; had flesh wound and badly scalded. It is doubtful if he recovers.

Thomas Carroll, of Liverpool, injured in the head and shoulder, and dangerously.

Wm. Brothard. This man is so badly wounded that it is difficult to get anything out of him. He is from Berchard, England, where his father keeps a hotel. He had about him a large amount of money, which has been taken care of, and another amount was in his trunk, which, of course, is lost.

David Crees, a passenger, from Belfast, Ireland; very dangerously wounded.

Wm. B. Catherwright. He lives in Mississippi, and was a passenger, on his way to visit his relatives in Callaway county. The Doctor thinks he will recover.

Frederic W. Barlog, of Germany; not mortally wounded.

John Graham; only a sprain of the ankle.

Thomas Denny, of Dubuque; badly injured in the head and one eye.

Patrick McLaughlin, an Irishman, from New York.

In addition to these, there were in the *Dead House* two women, one of them a girl about thirteen years of age, and a man, Henry Brogan, the second pilot.

It was certainly one of the most painful sights we have ever witnessed, and the recovery of many of them is extremely doubtful.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION—Immense Loss of Life.—The steamer *Saluda*, bound to Council Bluffs, exploded her boilers on the 9th inst.—She had a large number of Mormons on board, and all the officers were killed except the clerk and mate. About 100 lives are supposed to be lost. The boat is a total wreck.

A horticultural society has been organized in New York city.

MR. CLAY AND KOSSUTH.

We have been kindly permitted, says the Bee of this morning, by a gentleman of this city to transcribe the annexed passage from a letter received by him a day or two ago, from the illustrious and venerable Henry Clay. It is in reference to a subject concerning which much has been said. While Kossuth has exonerated himself from the charge of disrespect to, or vituperation of Mr. Clay, if we understand him aright, he still believes that the publication of the particulars of their interview was a breach of confidence at which he was excessively "provoked." From Mr. Clay's language, it would appear that this interview was not regarded as confidential, and that Kossuth has no right whatever to complain of its having been made public. We think so too:

Washington, March 30, 1852.
I have never distinctly understood what Mr. Kossuth said of me at Louisville. I certainly had given him no cause of offence. The interview between him and me cannot be regarded as private, as it certainly was not a confidential one. It was attended by three members of Congress, and the Attorney of the United States for this district, and would have been by others, but for my feeble state of health. What I had said in the interview with Mr. Kossuth was variously and sometimes contradictorily represented in the newspapers. Under these circumstances, Mr. Kossuth, one of the members in attendance, prefaced the statement which has been published, and the substantial accuracy of which had been verified by another attending member. Over my own sentiments and language I thought I had entire control, just as Gen. Cass thought proper to state to the Senate of the United States, what he had said to Mr. Kossuth upon their first interview. Mr. Kossuth, in his statement, treated Mr. Kossuth with perfect respect, and said nothing to compromise him in the slightest degree. Such, my dear sir, was the origin and such the motives of the publication alluded to. I am with great respect,
Your friend and obedient servant,
H. CLAY.

From the Liverpool Times.

THE LATE THOMAS MOORE.

We noticed very briefly, in our last week's paper the death of Thomas Moore, who up to the time of his decease, was the greatest survivor of that galaxy of illustrious names which has given to our time a proud place in the history of poetry. We have since been favored, by a literary friend with the following cursory notice by graphic sketch of the intellectual obscurity of this popular poet, who more than any other whom we remember, was the idol of his day:

The illustrious brotherhood of the poets which forms such a conspicuous glory of the past age is now nearly all disabused. Keats, the young poet, was the first to die, and Rogers, the oldest, who published ten years before Keats was born, is still living, thirty years after the death of his youthful contemporary. Keats, in the full flush of youth, with all his glorious faculties immature and untried, was first cut off; then Shelley, just verging from the rocks and shoals of youthful passion and experience into the calm, sunny, fathomless expanse of intellectual manhood, was suddenly drowned; then Byron, in the prime of his manhood, "the mezzogiorno di nostra vita," with the pulsations of his youth rushing through his maturity like the waters of the St. Lawrence, for into the Atlantic ocean, just as the current was abating in its fury, and heaven and ocean seemed propitious, suddenly vanished from the horizon.

A few years subsequent, Sir Walter Scott after making and losing a princely fortune, just when the autumnal touches showed the ripeness of age, from prodigious overworking of his powers died with his mind a melancholy blank. Shortly afterwards Coleridge, "the captive with the golden forehead," with the intellect of a superior being and scarcely the moral purpose of a child, after years of languishing, produced by the tyranny of opium, found rest. Then Southey, with his powers exhausted like Sir Walter Scott's, died with his mind insane; then Campbell, scarcely past the time when a man is in the vigor of his faculties, he gave up his life and expired an imbecile; and now last week, Tom Moore, the bard of his native Erin, the poet who possessed and exercised a more active fancy than any of his contemporaries, whose wit, rally, powers of imagery and musical expression are unrivalled, although he had only just passed the boundaries of the three score years and ten, departed to the unknown world, with all his brilliant faculties dimmed by premature decay, dying as it were like an old man asleep, in the misty inclination of a child's dream. Sad conclusions! Keats dead before his manhood, Shelley on the threshold, Byron at its prime and Scott, Southey, Campbell, and Moore, like a tropical afternoon during a sudden storm passed as it were, at one strain, from day to darkness—from the pride of power to the humiliation of second childhood. The great exception is Wordsworth; he died full of years, full of glory, and full of intellect; he sank like the sun through a cloudless sky in the ocean, showing his sublimed splendors along the deep further and further till he sets, and all is night. The causes of this "falling off" of great men in their declining years would be an interesting, though sad inquiry, but would occupy too much of our space, and we now revert to the great poet who has just departed, and now in the gorgeous cloudland of poetry has left a "gap 'till clouds."

Tom Moore, besides his great political genius, possessed social talents which made him, as Byron has described him in the dedication of the *Morsair*, the idol of every circle in which he moved. It was never my happiness to meet him, but we have heard a highly cultivated gentleman residing among us, give many graphic accounts of evenings spent with him, when he shone pre-eminent among a circle of wits, from the readiness and perfect good humor of his repartee, the shrewdness of his observation, the union of humor, and the exquisite taste and talent of his singing.

He was pre-eminently a fascinating man, not like Lord Byron, by theatrical mysteriousness and empirical repulsiveness, but from a native benevolence of manner, and that plastic sympathy which adapts itself to the peculiarities of every listener. Moore, more than any other poet of the age,

has left the impress of his social genialities upon the memories of his successors, as to his genius it requires merely to be sketched, as has been delineated in such a masterly manner by more than one of our metropolitan contemporaries.

There never was a poet who possessed such facility of imagery, of such buoyancy of temper. He is more genial than even his favorite Anacreon; and if he have not the suavity, and shrewd observation of Horace, he has a far more playful and ebullient wit, and a fancy beyond comparison more brilliant, exuberant, and rapid.

His fancy was too active and projectile for calm and deep emotion, hence even in the "Lovers of the Angels," there is no intensity of passion, but in its place plenty of amatory sentiment. Lalla Rookh is unique. Its fidelity to eastern manners and scenery is marvellous, but still more marvellous is the rapid and untrifling succession in comparison, flashing out one after another in glorious disorder, like fresh images of the sun on the ripples of a river, from every breath of wind. As a song writer he is immortal, and Burns is the only British lyricist to contest the palm with him. He has not the passion, energy, and concentrated expression of the Scottish bard, but his intellectual resources are more extended, his subjects are more diversified, his versification more musical, and his embellishments more lavish. He is the poet of sentiments—Burns of passion. He is never exempt on by his theme; the fiercer feelings are unknown to him, and his mind, in its intensest efforts, is never moved from its place, but merely swayed to and fro like the broad-leaved branches of a sycamore in a summer tempest, while its roots are sleeping in the soil.

NEGRO LIFE IN WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the New York Express, writing from Washington, says:

"It is not of enjoyment in high life that I took up my pen to write to you this morning, but to describe an assembly more properly pertaining to 'Life below stairs,'—that has just taken place in the 'West End.' A week ago one of my acquaintances, brought for my inspection an invitation she had received, and which she wished to accept. In an envelope covered with embossed Cupids and roses, directed to Miss—, was a printed card as follows:

"Page Club, respectfully invites the pleasure of Miss—company on Wednesday evening next, 3d of March, at 8 o'clock."

[Manager's names, &c.]

The very respectable gentlemen of color whose names were down as managers told what the affair would be, and in reality no party given in Washington this season was more costly, or more enjoyed. It was held in a large new brick house on the avenue which was lent to them by the owner, a gentleman of high standing here; the parlors below were filled with ladies of color, of various ages, matrons and maidens, dressed in satins, silks, baizes, flowers, muslins, with bouquets, fans and embroidered handkerchiefs. They were received by the managers, who wore large white satin, and were indefatigable in their attentions to all. A third room on the lower floor was open the entire evening, in which were hot chocolate, cakes, oysters, lemonade and punch. The third story was given up for dressing rooms, one for ladies, one for gentlemen. The second floor was elegantly arranged. Every thing to be seen on the supper table of a party given in the grandest mansion in the city, was there, even the very silver dishes, that figure right after night, at the entertainment of our Secretaries and Ministers. M.